

FOR THE OCCASION
OF THE
ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL,

The 8th December 1869.

"Hæc est dies quam fecit Dominus."

ROME,
THE CÆSAR AND THE PONTIFF.

A POEM WRITTEN BY P. J. BUCKLEY, A. B.



Spes autem non confundit.

Benedicti qui venerunt in
adjutorium nostrum P. P. IX.

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PREFACE.

"Virtus nemo sine nascitur : optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur."

HOR. I Sat. ii, 68.

"We have all our vices and the best
Is he who with the fewest is opprest."

FRANCIS.

HERE I am again, gentle reader (at least I trust that you will be gentle), standing upon the threshold of public opinion, with my little essay in hand, like another *Linkum Fidelis*, without any of the stoical indifference of that gentleman in black, awaiting, like a pendulum between a hope and a fear, the decision of the aggregate of intelligent criticism. For moral support, however, I lean, more or less, upon the above citation from the author of the "*Ars poetica*," which means, in effect, that no one is perfect—hence I say "let him who is free from sin throw the first stone." I don't mean by this to escape legitimate criticism: but, all I ask is, that if there be anything in this little poetic effusion to redeem it from condemnation, let it be taken into consideration with as much generosity as its faults may be mercilessly chastised.

I may be permitted to say that there are always a few, who make it a studied point to search for nothing but faults in their neighbours, and, consequently, are very apt to throw the doubt, which should be in my favour, against me.

Few would wish to bear the imputation of self-conceit, yet, many are inclined to do that which betrays this innate weakness of our frail nature—in the meantime hugging themselves with a false consciousness of the purest motives. Now there is no action more calculated to betray our inconsistency than a disposition to depreciate the efforts, and misconstrue the intentions of our neighbours, in the meantime, carefully keeping out of sight some little obscure virtue, which might cover a multitude of sins. This singular *penchant* in the few, (with all honour to our better nature), is a luxury indulged in only by those who are suffering from a poverty of thought, which renders them rather objects of pity than persons who can do any harm. The whole mystery of this prurient disposition of the invidious to find fault with others, particularly when they presume to step out of the ordinary ranks of life, and assume the garb of an author, &c., is nothing more nor less than a secret self-conceit soured with a little tincture of malice *pre-pense* against the adventurer, who dares to break the discipline of every-day-life.

As I have already remarked, I don't mean to dispute the right of criticism, provided it be unbiassed and invested in all the qualifications of a clear head, guided by correct rules of taste taken from nature and modified by art. Mere personal taste is no criterion—"de gustibus non est disputandum:"—for as well might you say that private interpretation uninspired is infallible. It is the aggregate of opinion (which is peculiar to man) governed by intelligence and education and fermented with the motive of protecting the literary market from spurious productions, that should sit in judgement upon the relative and intrinsic merits of the literary confections served up for the public palate.

We are all fallible: hence let even the critic remember, while he forms his judgment, that he is as liable to stumble (*cave ne titubas*, "for even the great Homer sometimes nods")

in his decision, as the poor author, whom he prepares to dissect, and whose motive may not be so much to aspire to literary excellence as to manifest his attachment to the subject. If the effort be unworthy of the subject, an apology may be found in the motive.

I am only repeating in substance the sentiment of Mr. Steele in the Tattler, when I say that, Critics ~~are~~ a people between the learned and the ignorant, and ~~in~~ their situation enjoy the tranquility of neither; and, that ~~a~~ critics stand among men in the same ratio as men do in general between brutes and angels, every man, as he is a critic and a coxcomb, until improved by reason and education, is apt to forget himself and wantonly lay open the faults of others with undue severity.

I feel sure that the dignity of my subject is far beyond any effort of mine, and I would never have attempted such an undertaking were I not actuated by the request of some worthy friends, and a latent wish on my own part to drop a little tribute of love and loyalty, even though it be a "widow's mite," in the great *thezaurus* of admiration for the star-king of the nineteenth century, our illustrious Pontiff Pius IX, justly styled the *Great*.

THE AUTHOR.

To the Right Revd. Dr. Connelly, Archbishop of Halifax.

YOUR GRACE,

It is only with feelings of the most profound respect and reverence, mingled with sentiments of the highest esteem for one who has commanded the admiration of the religious and political world, and one who has been justly styled the "Hughes of the North," that I presume to approach Your Grace with a dedication of the following little poem, which, not discerning the subject, I would wish to be more worthy of so distinguished a patron. The deficiency, however, of my composition in a literary point of view will, I trust, be in some manner compensated by the motives which have actuated me, who desire to make this a record in the future of a commerce with one, who is pre-eminent for his merit to mankind, patronage to literature and science, and knowledge in the matter of which I have treated.

This little dedication I make to Your Grace free from all impertinent praises usually incidental to such things, simply because such confections are distasteful to the palate of one who is high above the breath of adulation, and to whom I may apply with propriety the following line from Horace.

"Male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus."

HORACE. SAT. '1'. 20.

"He spurns the flatterer and his saucy praise."

FRANCIS.

Yours, Most Respectfully,

P. J. BUCKLEY.

Montreal, 15th Oct. 1869.

ROME, THE CÆSAR, AND THE PONTIFF.

INVOCATION.

Of thee, O Rome!—Eternal Rome, I sing,
Thy mighty Cæsar, and thy Pontiff-king!—
Ye Shades of Horace, Virgil, Cic'ro come,
Inspire my theme with thoughts of Ancient Rome,
That no untruth may blur this humble page,
Which gives a portrait of th' Augustan age!—
Of how thy Cæsar, in his magic might,
Did bear thy eagles in their lofty flight,
Until all nations did his name rehearse,
And Rome sat Queen of all the Universe!—
Then, as in rev'rend awe we hold our breath
Before this mighty empire crushed to death,
Amid the silence of her gothic fall,—
O Shades of christian martyrs raise the pall,
And sceptics shew that Rome is not yet dead,
But weak, because the Pagan fiend hath fled,—
Exorcised by the humble Fisherman,
Whose dynasty still holds the Vatican,
Where slumbers all authority on earth,
And radiates from *August Pius Ninth*!

ETERNAL ROME.

Tread lightly, gentle reader, for we come
To holy ground of Rome,—Eternal Rome!
And sacred, why? because 't was here that Truth
Poured out the best blood of her gen'rous youth;
And, grew and flourished until now she calls
Her august Councils in the Cæsar's halls;—
Moreover holy since antiquity
Has here enshrined the dust of Sanctity;—
Still rendered holy by the *Cathedra*,
Whence Peter thundered out *Anathema*,

And uttered *dogmas* to the human ear,
 That mortal ken was never wont to hear,
 For which the flow'r of Rome met direst dooms,
 And God was worshiped in the catacombs;—
 When Roman valor shewed how it could bleed,
 When holy motives sanctified the deed.—
 But who is he that now sits in the chair
 Of Peter, and who still pronounces there
 The truth, like one who has authority,
 Inspired with like infallibility?
 It is our Pontiff-King, the brilliant Star
 That still is seen o'er Bethlehem afar
 By those, who seek the God of righteousness,—
 Withal so mighty in his helplessness!—

SOME SIGH FOR PAGAN ROME.

Some churlish antiquarians search and sigh
 Amongst the dusty ages now gone by,
 And dote on some old, rusty, iron pin
 That's said t've touched a Roman matron's chin—
 A broken pitcher gets a costly shrine,
 As if it were a relic all divine—
 Before the fragments of a wooden dish,
 From which a Roman beggar ate some fish,
 These antique Jeremiahs bend the knee,
 Because it savours of antiquity;
 But little wreck they what th' apostle saith,
 "I've fought the good fight and I've kept the faith:"
 The sad reality would break their heart,
 If that old dish should lose one single part,
 A holy custom though, may dissappear,
 Because 'tis shabby for the current year.
 'Tis learned veneration in these few
 To kiss the latchets of an ancient shoe;
 'Tis superstition, though, to bow the head
 Before the relics of the martyred dead.
 They moot it as idolatry most gross
 To kiss the fragments of the *Holy Cross*,
 Whereon th' Incarnate Son of God most High
 Did for us suffer, and did for us die.
 If things be sacred then, because they're old,
 And flourished in what's call'd the age of gold,
 They must admit great reverence is due
 The golden arc that links the old and new,—
 Our August Pio, Pontiff, King and Sage,
 With all the worth of this enlightened age!—

Some pseudo-christians long to raise the pall
 Of classic silence that conceals the fall
 Of pagan Rome, and dream her knell they hear,
 And see her borne upon a gorgeous bier
 Escorted to the tomb by weeping trains
 Of conquered nations in their golden chains,
 Who prayed the hour to hide within the earth
 The strumpet mother who entailed their birth
 From obscure joy to brilliant slavery,
 To swell the number of her family;
 And, dancing on her tomb in mad delight,
 They crushed an empire with their vandal might;
 Thus teaching kings 'tis better far to rule
Fond hearts within the precincts of a school
 Than rule an empire where the sun ne'er sets,
 But where each day is pregnant with regrets,
 And bleeding hearts are wishing for the hour
 Of weakness but to crush the monstrous pow'r
 That dared to rob them of their liberty,
 Then say 'twas done through magnanimity.

PROPHECY AND ADVICE.

Beware, O Kings! beware! the time will come,
 When nations, now that spurn the yoke of Rome,
 Shall weep remorseful tears o'er ev'ry page
 Of history that chronicles the age,
 Wherein the children left the mother's breast
 To suckle falsehood from the paps of lust;
 And, with'ring in their premature decay,
 Shall then wish back in vain the sunny day,
 When, clustered round her lap in youthful bliss,
 They each received a mother's holy kiss;
 And, each reflecting in their cath'lic face
 Some feature of their mother's mystic grace,
 Embraced each other in fidelity,
 And all was universal charity!
 But why too late! Sure sorrow's ne'er too late!
 And one small tear might change eternal fate?
 'Tis not; for now our Pontiff King invites
 All men to come once more and taste delights,—
 Delights peculiar to the *Council Board*
 That's governed by the vicar of the Lord,—
 Of doctrines, which of truth do savour most,
 Because confectioned by the Holy Ghost!
 Repent,—be reconciled to God above
 Who is the God of Justice as of love!

Since nations go no farther than the tomb,
 'Tis here alone they get reward or doom.
 Eternal Justice, when by sin 'tis vexed,
 Must be appeased in this world or the next.
 Proud nations, look then to your destiny!
 Take this advice, I give it willingly!
 And all you antique croakers, cease to weep!
 Shake off the lethargy of learned sleep!
Eternal Rome is not yet dead, ne'er was,
 Hath never fallen, never will, because
 She lives,—still lives in modern Rome and rears
 Her venerable head 'mid scoffs and sneers
 Of upstart nations whom she's given birth,
 Who forfeit heaven but to cling to earth,—
 Still higher, nobler in her destiny,
 Than Rome e'er dreamt of in antiquity!—
 Her pagan glory, virtues, triumphs, all—
 All this, because 'twas human, needs must fall!
 The Forum, too, where Romans did rejoice
 Beneath the magic of a Cicero's voice,—
 Which plucked persuasion from their spell-bound ears
 Till lost amid the thunder of their cheers,—
 Is hushed in ruined silence, verily,
 But 'tis the silence of sublimity;—
 'Tis breathless wonder of the pagan mind
 In admiration of the "milk-white hind"
 That's taken refuge 'mong the seven hills,
 And ev'ry valley with its presence fills;
 Though all courageous, still divinely shy,—
 Harassed by all, "she's fated not to die."
 Some needy poets,—sentimental fools,
 Brought forth and fostered in the *Voltaire schools*,
 Who, like their parent, are most brilliant cheats,
 And all sagacious in their own conceits,—
 With fancies, which with hectic pleasure please,
 While life is wasting 'neath a fell disease—
 These *lordly misanthropes*, who love to roam
 For glory which they could not find at home—
 With no conception but of grov'ling sense
 That stumbles in materialism dense,—
 Whose virtue is to gratify each wish,
 And this from ev'ry body else's dish—
 Their vaunted principle of liberty
 To shackle Truth with gross idolatry,—
 These mad eccentrics must, in honeyed rhymes,
 Whine after pagan Rome and pagan times!—
 O happy fall to christianity!
 To science, art, and sweet humanity!
 From having been the ravager of peace,
 To be the radiator of all grace!—

O happy me to be a christian then!
 And, would that I could dip my humble pen
 In some seraphic heart! In words of love
 I'd write my gratitude to God above
 With golden letters on each turning page
 Of time, from Adam down to man's last age,
 'Till Rome, all radiant with the pilgrims hopes —
 The queen of nations as she is of popes,—
 Restored to life by Christianity,
 Would, on the portals of eternity,
 Shine out to spirits passing on the wing,
 "Rome made Eternal by the Pontiff-King!"

THE CÆSARS.

The Cæsars guided by no other aim,
 Than have their names embalmed in earthly fame —
 Some good by nature, others so by rules,
 Some more to ape conceit of Grecian schools,—
 More still in hopes that others might applaud,
 But none so, purely for the love of God.
 A virtue cultured but to prop a vice,
 Hence good from policy, but not from choice.
 Depraved ambition at the root of all,
 The root decaying then the tree must fall.
 Their instinct — passion, and their law — the sword,
 To fill their coffers other nations poured
 Their lives and treasures in the bloody train
 That tracked the Cæsars in their lust for gain—
 The ancestors of kings, who rule us now,
 Were forced at Cæsar's nod their necks to bow,
 To make a stirrup for his tyrant foot,
 And hear their praises in a Roman hoot;
 And, as they walked in pompous slavery,
 To grace the chariot wheels of victory,
 They wondered why such demi-gods as these
 Should leave such gorgeous palaces and ease
 To gather pebbles on barbarian seas.

THE PONTIFF-KING PIUS IX.

My language human, he all but divine,
 His virtues must look mean in words like mine.
 Remember well, though words can't clothe his fame,
 A gentleman in rags is still the same;

And, if my thoughts aspire too high for me,
 It is because I like good company!—
 All grace and virtue of the early days
 Seem to a focus brought like scattered rays,
 While nature, prodigal of all her art,
 Doth emulate herself in ev'ry part,
 And all her sterling coin deposits in,
 At highest interest, our Pontiff-King.—
 We equals envy, and the pow'rful fear,—
 To those beneath us pity drops a tear;
 But him, who in his sublime solitude,
 Wrapped in the sunshine of his fortitude,
 Like some lone Arrarat tow'rs high above
 All human passion, we respect and love—

CAUSE OF DISAFFECTION.

Some moments in our lives the festive flow
 Is choked with sorrow, and, all big with woe,
 We rush to human sources for relief,
 Where joy abortive perishes in grief—
 The soul bewildered and the poor heart torne,
 Amid the ruin reasen raves forlorn; —
 Dark clouds of error roll and lightnings flash,
 And fiendish passions all their rancour dash
 Against the hoary rock of truth sublime,
 That tranquil stands amid the wreck of time.
 Assuming ignorance, with lying lips,
 Foul slanders, calumnies, and hatred heaps —
 Whilst aspidish envy, nursed in bigotry,
 And hid in schemes of dark hypocrisy,
 Bedizened in the tawdry rhetoric
 And flimsy logic of an empiric,
 Instills a spurious faith that's pregnant with
 Domestic ruin and eternal death.—
 Some saints of latter days with Satan cry,
 "We'd rather reign in hell than serve on high;"
 Without the slightest hope of either here,
 They're sure to be the meanest menials there.
 These lions in their own conceits rejoice
 In all the discord of their brazen voice,
 And, where they find an echo, leave a spell
 That mesmerizes nations into hell.
 The exhalations of their hellish plots
 Do breed sedition and rebellious thoughts,
 While ruffian passions, ready for the spark,
 Take fire and howl around the little bark,

Which with the Fisherman rides safely on,
 Whilst kingdoms, empires, — all that's human gone
 And buried underneath the waves of time, —
 Are heard of but in legend and in rhyme.
 Thus perish all, who dare with impious hand
 To touch the ark, e'en though they meant to lend
 Their help to what might seem to them to fall,
 But in its helpless strength, confounds them all, —
 Sustained by him, who said, "Though all things fail,
 Against my Church hell's gates shall ne'er ; revail."

THE LIFE OF POPE PIUS LIKE A STREAM.

Away amid the sunny days of youth,
 When reason still was struggling for the truth,
 And heart and soul were yet untouched by sin,
 And holy innocence there slept within,
 My mother taught me how to lisp a name
 That has run out of breath all earthly fame,
 And since caught up by Angels lips from earth,
 The heav'ns resound with "Long live Pius Ninth."
 His holy life seems like a limpid stream,
 Which in its depths admits a heav'nly beam
 Of love reflecting in its happy face
 The jewel in its soul of virgin grace ;
 Meand'ring now in happy solitude,
 And rippling in its own beatitude,
 Until within the very hearts of those,
 Who broke its slumbers, it hath found repose.
 Now seen, now lost, it flows through peace and strife
 Imparting beauty to surrounding life, —
 Through rough and smooth diffusing ev'ry place
 The rich alluvia of its hidden grace,
 That makes its *generative* presence felt
 Along that solitary fertile belt
 Of goodly hearts, hot-beds of charity,
 Which take their warmth from Catholicity ;
 Then, like some grand majestic river, flows
 And scorns all human efforts as it goes,
 In all its lowly unoffending might,
 Caressing virtue and respecting right,
 Until at last it finds its destined home
 Among the waters of the *See of Rome*.
 With all the gentleness of honest pride
 Again we see that stream in exile glide ;
 And, though diverted from its proper course,
 It's sure to find again its rocky source.

No banks can hold it, for it must be free
 To find its refuge in the *Holy See*,
 And, if arrested in its winding length,
 It gathers up in all its mystic strength,
 Anath'mas thund'ring in its boiling zeal
 For right, religion, and for Cath'lic weal;
 'Till, struck with awe, admiring nations meet
 To pay obedience and to kiss its feet;
 Then, as if frightened at the sound it made.
 It runs away into the silent shade
 Of meditation, pious works and pray'r,
 Reflecting heaven in its bosom there.

PIUS IX AS PRIEST.

Far more than Solomon, but less than Christ,
 He joins their sceptres in the Kingly Priest.—
 Behold him in the church, with God's own poor,
 Dispensing to each patient soul its cure! —
 With all the fierceness of a dove the rich
 He chides, with kindness melts the hardened wretch;
 And, as he mid-way near the altar stands,
 "Where none ascend but clean of heart and hands,"
 Like holy Moses on the mount of old,
 When God his laws in awful thunder told —
 The one imposing love, the other fear —
 Their God with them, but not like ours, so near —
 With all Pontifical magnificence,
 Where passions played in pristine innocence
 Composed in piety his handsome face
 Looks towards the cross, where hangs the king of grace,
 His lips still moving with the mystic words,
 Which list'ning angels tune to harpsichords,
 And, bowing down in holy silence, pours
 His hearts devotion, while the church adores
 'Mid circling incense veiled from awful sight
 The *Incarnation* of the God of might!
 And, as the worshippers in silence kneel,
 The holy spell is broke by organ peal,
 That fills the soul with music's majesty
 And sets the heart on fire with charity;
 The sunbeams, streaming through in myriad dyes,
 Like smiles that steal approving from the skies,
 Are bathing all in holy twilight here,
 Where faith bows down and whispers "God is near."

HIS CHARACTER AS A MAN.

It seems though nature wished to show to all
 A miniature of man before the fall,
 And Pio Nono made the happy mint,
 Whence all things sterling were to take their print.
 Ought else than positive, however meant,
 Would be to pay a vulgar compliment.
 From out the deluge of the human race,
 Here virtue seems to've found a resting place.

AS VICAR OF CHRIST INFALLIBLE.

Most positive in all, but what is wrong,
 In Peters's chair he holds the fiery tongue
 Of truth to teach our poor humanity,
 And clothes it with infallibility.—
 Withal so human, yet, so near divine,
 That truth is *safest* when 'tis near his shrine.
 His eulogy so beggars human thought,
 That none but those who've inspiration caught,
 Should dare to touch the praises of his name,
 Until they're purified in saintly fame.
 As Pontiff speaking from St. Peter's Chair,
 All truth and virtue find their *apex* there;
 And, radiant with supernal virtues three,—
 Strong faith, firm hope and burning charity,—
 Unflinching bears he in religion's van
 The glorious symbol of the Son of Man,
 'Mid all the taunts and jibes of prejudice,
 And foul mouthed Envy hot from Tartaras—
 With none so fatherly in dignity,
 He stands the head of catholicity.
 His enemies the most inveterate,
 Whom innocence might shy with pious hate,
 He's sure to strip of all their virulence,
 And lay it at the door of ignorance.—
 Although at studied sin he dare not wink
 He's ever ready, on the very brink
 Of anything like last repentancy,
 To temper justice with his clemency—
 He waits, and waits the long delays of men,
 Till patience ceases to be virtue when,
 In all the silence that forebodes the storm,
 With all its moral strength his mighty arm,

Inspired with zeal, is raised reluctantly
 To crush the head of infidelity;
 And, when he smites, the proudest monarchs quail,
 And all their human resolutions pale.
 Proud Monarchs *tremble* when they hear their doom
 Once fulminated in the Curse of Rome:
 And, when he lays his interdict, a pall
 Of deep sepulchral gloom envelopes all—
 Religion holds her breath, while virtue sighs
 To have the sacred rites before she dies—
 No Sunday bells invite to mass or pray'r,
 Or, sprinkle blessings on the sunny air,
 But all is drooping, like a withered flow'r,
 Beneath the scathing of the *Pontiff's* pow'r.—

REVOLUTIONARY MALCONTENTS.

Some needy malcontents in ruthless clique
 Like dogs the feet of tyrants fain would lick;
 Naught ever prattling but lip-loyalty,
 They rail and rant in mean hypocrisy,
 Which e'en the thickest intellects detect
 Out at the elbow of their broken sect,
 Who deem themselves the whole of what they be,
 And sometimes more than all humanity,—
 Who've naught to lose, but ev'rything to gain,—
 A ruthless prince's wish the only rein
 To curb their passions just red-hot from hell
 That find a vent in revolutions fell,
 Which ever surging on the *papal* rock
 Are always broken by a mystic shock.
 Too foul for hell the devils leave them here
 To scatter mischief in their mad career—
 A foul *trichena* of satanity
 That's coiled up in Voltaire's philosophy—
 When such a spur'ous tribe would vainly try,
 The "milk-white hind that's fated not to die"
 To banish from her consecrated home,
 Among the seven hills of Christian Rome,
 The little Fisherman needs only speak,
 When myriad willing swords from scabbards leap
 To prove his reverend authority
 Asserted once by grey antiquity —
 North, South, East, West, men, money can he have,
 And none more willing than our young Zouave,
 Who leaves his home and all that's dear behind —
 A mother fond, a father, sister kind,

And, O, perhaps another, still more dear,
 Exacts the tribute of a parting tear,
 Whose little hand in his, in fond embrace,
 She looks a farewell in his noble face —
 'Mid all the pomp of eloquence and pray'r
 The organ peal, and all that's sublime there,
 Beneath the banner, blessed by holy hands,
 Behold the young zouave as there he stands,
 The noblest specimen of Christian knight
 Who goes to battle for the God of Right!

PIUS IX IN HIS PICTURE.

A Constant smile of sweet paternal love
 Subdues the solemn pause of fixed resolve,
 That leaves its impress on his happy face,
 All softened by the mystic pow'r of grace;
 Like sunshine streaming through a convex lens,
 Where ev'ry colour of the rainbow blends —
 Our artists picture him in Peter's chair,
 A noble form with hand midway in air,
 Pronouncing blessings from his handsome mouth
 Like soft winds coming from the sunny south,
 All pregnant with a pure celestial balm,
 Whose gentle pow'r unruly passions calm;
 Whoever comes within its potent spell
 Is sure to bow submission to his will—
 His kind blue eye, the window of the soul,
 Looks out upon his flock a mild control—
 His name and virtues praised in ev'ry clime
 Are faintly echoed in my humble rhyme.

THE CÆSAR AND THE PONTIFF COMPARED.

Comparing Cæsar's with the Pontiff's might,
 Is like contrasting living day with night.
 The Cæsar, with his host of bristling spears,
 But ruled an empire, and that too with fears;
 The little man, though, in the Vatican
 Doth rule the world though he an exiled man;
 And, first in progress as he is in art,
 His gentle sway is felt in ev'ry part;
 Hence nations dare not though they cannot break,
 If nothing else than for their safety sake,

The heart that beats beneath society
 Imparting life to all authority —
 The Cæsar knew no other law than will;
 The Pontiff's will the law but to fulfill.
 The Cæsar conquered into slavery;
 The Pontiff captivates to liberty.
 The Cæsar pompous in his own conceits:
 The Pontiff simple in his sublime feats.
 The former proud e'en in his modesty;
 The latter humble in his dignity.
 The Cæsar *ruled* by force of spears and darts;
 The Pontiff *reigns* in myriad cath'lic hearts.
 The Cæsar groped in reason's dubious night;
 The Pontiff radiates himself the light.
 Idolatry but knelt at Cæsar's shrine,
 Where lust was honoured as a thing divine:
 The august Pontiff, in the Vatican,
 Bows only to th' *Incarnate Son of Man*.
 With proper honours doth he decorate
 And enshrine virtue when immaculate.
 The Cæsar fallen in his mightiness,
 The Pope still tow'ring in his helplessness.
 The Cæsar shines like some resplendent star
 Whose light has travelled from a distance far,
 And, not detected by the naked eye,
 The size and light we're apt to magnify;
 But, 'neath the Fisherman's unbroken sway
 We see no other light than that of day.
 The proudest monarchs can't a moment gaze
 Upon his majesty, and stand the blaze
 Of such a mystic glory, heat, and light,
 As strips presumption of its brazen sight.—
 When by him guided we can all things see—
 His sacred person brooks no scrutiny.—
 To all diplomacy he gives the tone,
 For honoured virtue waits upon his throne.
 A universal peace his policy,—
 He still respects a stern necessity.
 If points of honour were referred to him
 No wars would pivot on a churlish whim.—
 The eagles penetrated to the East,—
 'Mid blood and carnage only did they feast;
 The Cross, though, rears its head in ev'ry clime,
 Surviving nations as it outlives time,—
 Subduing in its bloodless victory
 The wildest passions of humanity;
 Just like some holy thing that clings to earth,
 But points to heaven as its place of birth.—
 The Roman legions conquer'd only men:
 The Papal orders vanquish pow'rs unseen.

CONSPIRACIES OF SATAN.

The Evil one, insidious in his pow'r,
 Is ever seeking, whom he may devour;
 And, skilled in all his diabolic arts,
 Goes breathing envy into ruffian hearts;
 While hungry discontent, in wrathful ire,
 Lets loose distempered thoughts, and foul desire
 Escapes all naked from her hiding place,
 While blushing shame, (the last remaining grace,
 That marks the sinner from the reprobate),
 Is stifled in the burning cup of hate.
 Then envious slander whispers in the ear
 Of vagrant rumour, ever glad to hear,
 'The something which she tells in confidence
 But ne'er confided in by common sense—
 You might as well give feathers to the wind,
 As give a secret to a prattling mind—
 'Tis like a wild horse with an infant guide,
 Who must let go or perish in his pride;
 And these reports, just like a ball of snow,
 A great importance gather as they go
 From mouth to mouth in sweet abandonment
 Of conversation with the negligent,
 'Till on opinion's pivot, to and fro,
 It sways above th' unconscious head below,—
 Another little breath the whole doth launch,
 Which carries ruin like an avalanche,
 And those who scale the heights of dignity,
 Are buried 'neath invidious obloquy.
 But Pio Nono is above alarm,
 For he is far beyond the reach of storm,
 Like some lone Apennine that rears on high
 Its sunny head into the clear blue sky,
 Where all is universal harmony,
 Enlivened with the light of Charity.
 The harshest discord grating on the ear
 Of hell, that rends the very damn'd with fear,
 'To slander's vip'rous tongue is harmony,
 And may be called celestial ecstasy.
 Though burning Ætna may whole cities fell,
 It cannot vomit like this mouth of hell—
 The gallish surfeit of its rankling heart,
 That spreads disease through ev'ry social part,
 And almost tainting even things divine,
 Is not detected in its dark design,
 'Till nations struggle for convulsive breath,
 In all the agonies of civil death.
 The Papal Court, in all integrity,
 Doth spurn the cup that breeds mortality;

Hence, like a giant from his sleep refreshed,
 With all the buoyancy of youth still flushed,
 And silvered with the reverence of age,
 He rules as Father, Pontiff, King and Sage —
 O for a chance to crush the greedy moth
 That eats away the fame of modest worth! —
 But Pio Nono's sanctity is death
 To all such vermin as approach its breath —
 Strike on then, coward poltroons! strike your best!
 You cannot hurt an adamantine bust
 Of living, breathing, noble, godlike form, —
 The genius of all peace amid the storm
 That thunders round the base of human thrones,
 Which tremble, totter, fall 'mid rabble groans
 Of Jacobins, who outrage liberty
 And set up reason for their deity! —
 'Tis said the Pagan Oracle has been
 Thrown down and broken by the God within,
 In virtue of the Christian truth's behest,
 Which took this means to give convincing test
 That in her mission she is all divine,
 And error needs must fall before her shrine;
 'Tis thus through ev'ry age before her quail
 The upstart monarchs, who would dare assail
 The right most sacred to the *triple crown*
 That comes unsullied from the Martels down.
 Who then will dare to touch this sacred thing,
 Or, trample on his right of Pontiff-king?
 To him I say, beware! a fearful doom
 Hangs o'er thee in the awful curse of Rome! —
 A mother's curse, that holds the pow'rs that be
 In awful rev'rence for her sanctity! —
 Beware, I say, touch not the Incheape bell,
 For if you do, you sound your own last knell! —
 This reckless daring of the needy few,
 Who thus most sacred rights would dare eschew,
 To feed ambition without brains or means,
 Conceived in beggary and nursed by fiends,
 Is but a libel on the beauteous face
 Of right still innate in the human race. —

DOGMA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

O, for a pen plucked from a seraph's wing,
 And dipped in Virgin truth, that I might sing
 In strains most worthy of this sublime theme,
 Whose subject's taken from some inspired dream

Of one of earth's pure daughters as she lay
 In fond embraces of the Deity!
 When 'neath the mystic pow'r of God began
 The Pure Conception of the Queen of man,—
 A dogma that has slumbered in the breast
 Of mother Church, until its holy rest
 Was broken by those fiends, who would, forsooth,
 Dare write their names upon the ruins of truth,
 When, lo! the hero of this century
 Proclaimed this secret of divinity
 With lips all glowing, like two burning coals,
 Amid the jubilee of myriad souls,
 And bells and music joined in revelry
 With cannon in their wild sublimity,
 Beneath the banners of the Cath'lic world,
 'Mid all the splendour of the Church unfurled;
 Where eloquence surpassed its highest flight,
 And Clio sang the feast in sweet delight;
 When Catholics aught else were loath to feel,
 While 'mid the thunder of the organ peal
 Sublimest music let the secret out,
 And countless tongues, in universal shout,
 Proclaimed the pœms of that glor'ous day.
 When Mary, borne in statued purity,
 Walked forth in all the pomp and majesty
 Of Cath'lic faith and Christian Charity—
 So bright and sunny was the clear, blue sky,
 It seemed though God stooped from his seat on high;
 But, like a bashful God, from human sight
 Retired behind the curtains of his might.
 The Great Jehovah, who on Sinai spake
 In thunder that did make creation shake,
 When Israel trembled with a holy fear
 Because th' Eternal God was standing near,
 Now whispered Sabbath blessings in the breeze
 Upon the waters of the troubled seas,
 That foamed and fretted in a moment dark
 Around the bulwarks of the little bark,
 Against which, though it's ever under sail,
 No storm, nor wind, nor wave can e'er prevail;
 When peoples all their quarrels threw aside
 And ran together in the joyous tide
 Of truth, whose ebb and flow is heav'n and earth,
 (Divine beneficence and human worth)—
 Borne on by sympathy they never ceased,
 'Till all were swallowed up in Mary's feast.
 But, why are we caress'd by God above?—
 Because we're children not of fear but love
 Build altars then, and verdant arches rear!
 No other people have their God so near!—

Let little children, dressed in lilly white,
 Like tiny snow-flakes in their airy flight,
 Fling flow'rs and spices to the sunny air,
 Just while the statue of the Virgin there
 Is passing, stately borne by holy hands
 Of hoary votaries from distant lands,
 Who've come, like children to their Cath'lic home
 To *fête* their mother in the streets of Rome!—
 A heav'nly spring diffuseth ev'ry where
 A holy sunshine, which the meanest share,
 And sorrow melteth in each icy heart,
 While virtue quickens in each secret part—
 The Son of Man, concealed in bread and wine,
 Looks down upon her from his holy shrine,
 And showers down the plenitude of grace
 Upon the features of that kingly face
 Of Pio Nono rising proudly in
 His Papal power in the Vatican,
 Who bids the world to keep as holiday,
 The feast of Mary's natal purity,
 'Mid pealing organs, bells, and cannonry,
 And nations shouting in their ecstasy.

ALL CITIES BUT ROME HAVE FALLEN.

Phœnicia, Persia, Athens, Macædon,
 With Carthage, Sidon, Tyre and Babylon,—
 All, all now fossiled 'neath the mould of time
 Are heard of only in some minstrel's rhyme.
 The Cæsar's Empire hath returned to dust,
 While Papal Rome still flourishes and must
 In all the freshness of eternal youth,
 Because invested with "immortal truth;"
 And, girding up her loins with mystic force,
 She like a giant runs her heav'nward course
 Amid two hundred million Cath'lic hearts,
 Who cling like children to their mother's skirts
 And fling defiance in the gnashing teeth
 Of disappointed upstarts here beneath,
 Whose mystic fates are written on the wall,
 "Your kingdoms tremble, crumble, totter, fall—
 All, all must meet inevitable doom
 Beneath the with'ring curse of Papal Rome"—
 The greatest dynasties are stricken blind,
 Or, like the wave that leaves no trace behind,
 Have foamed and fretted for one little hour,
 And, then, subsided to a stronger pow'r,

While Peter's sceptre still decrees and acts
 In all the stern reality of facts.—
 Some haughty monarchs may affect their sneers,
 And in derision hold her silv'ry years;
 But, when she blesses in the fulness of
 A mother's heart, whose only fault is love,
 The gates of kingdoms are thrown open wide,
 And kings receive the boon with grateful pride:
 But, when she smites, the proudest monarchs quake,
 And must respect, at least for safety sake,
 The *non-possumus* of the little man,
 Who wields his sceptre in the Vatican.—
 If Cæsar with a nod could nations break,
 As with a smile he could their fortunes make,
 A sole Encyclical, armed with the seal
 Of Peter, doth like dreadful thunder peal,
 And then exploding 'mid the pow'rs of hell,
 And sin in lofty places, like a shell,
 Doth in a blaze of terror leave them all,
 Still giving warning yet to rise or fall.

END, APOSTROPHE.

O, school of chivalry! O, queen of arts!
 O, guardian of our hopes, as of our hearts!
 O holy shrine of truth and sanctity,
 Where glows the burning bush of charity!—
 O sublime City on the sacred Mount,
 Where mortals need must see thy truthful front,
 Excepting those, who've eyes and cannot see,
 That truth hath centered all her light in thee!
 Where Raphaels and Angelos have caught,
 And to our ravished senses here have brought
 The bold conceptions of transcendent mind
 That pierces heaven leaving earth behind,
 Its own prerogative to look within
 Where eyes of living man ne'er yet have seen;
 For genius, being something half divine,
 Some glimpses catches of the Godheads shrine,
 Revealing secrets to our ravished ears
 Through some Galileo of distant spheres,
 Thereby *non-plusing* all posterity,
 And putting to the blush antiquity!
 Here in this vale of tears the exiles home, —
 I bid thee hail! *Eternal, Papal Rome!*
 But,—not before I've shaken off the dust
 Of meaner thoughts from off my sandals first!—

'Tis pearls that make the shell a precious thing;
 Thus Rome is *dear*, because the Pontiff-King,
 Pope Pius, wields his gentle sceptre there
 'Mid venerable years in Peter's chair—
 "Let nations shout, then, from the West to East,"
 Long live our August Pontiff, Doctor, Priest! —
 O come, mankind and nature with me sing,
 "Long live Pope Pius Ninth our Pontiff-King!"
 The only remnant of antiquity,
 And brilliant Star-King of this Century!

FINIS.

